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ANDREW ANDERSON.

RATHER more than ninety years ago, there resided, in the town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, a young woman named Marjory Gilzean. She was the child of decent parents, and possessed considerable personal attractions. About the time of the rebellion of 1745-6, a foot-regiment was quartered in Elgin; and in this regiment there was a private soldier named Anderson, a native of a neighbouring parish, who had recently been enlisted, and who became deeply smitten with love for Marjory Gilzean. She listened to his suit, and when the regiment was removed, she left the town in his company, but not till a private marriage had taken place, though the contrary was believed at the time. Of her history in connection with the regiment, nothing is certainly known. That her husband was sent abroad, while she was forced to remain behind—that he was killed in battle—and that he used her harshly, and cast her off—were various rumours, grounded probably on little more than mere surmise. Certain it is that, in or soon after the year 1747, she returned to Elgin, in an emaciated and distressed state, unsettled in her mind, and carrying a baby in her arms. Her parents, who, even though they could have been convinced of her having been married to the soldier, would still have regarded her as one who had brought discredit upon them, did not receive her in a forgiving spirit. Neither did the other persons who had known her in her better days like to show any countenance to one whom they believed to have been little, if any thing, better than a wanton. The reception she met with, and the wild fancies of a wandering mind, induced her to take a strange step. Close beside the burgh are the yet majestic remains of an ancient Cathedral, the area and precincts of which have continued since the Reformation to be used as a burying-ground. Amidst these crumbling ruins there is one chamber still entire, a small cellar-like room, about five feet square, with scarcely any light, and which is said, in ancient times, to have been the Sacristy, or place for keeping the vessels used in the offices of religion. Here the poor outcast took up her abode, rendered insensible, by her obscured reason, to the nocturnal horrors of a place which, in a better state of mind, she would have dreaded to approach after dusk. There was in this room an ancient sculptured font, which she used as a bed to her infant. Other furniture she had none. When it was known that she had gone to reside in this dismal place, the people felt as if it were an imputation against their Christian feelings. She and her babe were repeatedly carried by some one or other of them to their houses, but she always made her way back to the Sacristy. At length, finding her determined to live there, they contented themselves with giving her food and alms, and for several years she wandered about with her boy, under the appellation of *Daft May Gilzean**—a harmless creature that wept and sang by turns. Her lover or husband was no more heard of in the country, although he had several relations living in the neighbourhood, with whom he might have been expected to correspond, if he had remained in life.

Andrew Anderson, the son of May Gilzean, grew up in all the raggedness and misery which might be expected under such circumstances to fall to his lot. It is questionable if he ever knew the comforts of a bed, or of a cooked meal of any kind, till his boyhood was far advanced. The one solacement of his forlorn existence was the affection which his mother always continued to feel for him. It is a custom in the grammar-school of Elgin to give gratuitous education to a poor boy, who undertakes, in consideration of that boon, to prepare

the fires and sweep the rooms: this boy bears the name, *par excellence*, of "the Pauper." Anderson consented to become the Pauper of his day, and thus acquired the elements of a classical education. In proper time, he was bound apprentice to an uncle by the father's side, who carried on the business of a staymaker in the adjoining parish of St Andrews Lhanbryd. This man was of a harsh and ungenerous nature, and did not think himself called upon to extend to his poor nephew even that limited kindness which he showed to his own children. Thus, while the sons and daughters of the staymaker had milk for their oatmeal porridge, their cousin was condemned to take that meal with a thin liquor formed by steeping the husks of grain—a species of relish, or *kitchen*, which was never resorted to by the Scottish peasantry except when milk was unusually scarce and dear. The treatment which young Anderson received here was altogether so intolerable, that he resolved to throw himself upon the world for a home. Taking a proper opportunity, he left his uncle's house, and disappeared from the country. He made his way to Leith, and thence to London, where he was taken into the workshop of a tailor, who, finding that he wrote neatly, and had a knowledge of accounts, began after some time to employ him as a clerk. He was one day commissioned to take home a suit of clothes to a military gentleman, and to grant a discharge for the account. This gentleman was himself a Scotsman, and bore a commission in a regiment about to proceed to the East Indies. He was, like all Scotsmen at a distance from home, interested in hearing his native tongue spoken, by however humble a person. When, in addition to this, he observed the pleasing countenance and manners of the youth, and found that the discharge appended by him to the account was in a good regular hand, he entered into conversation, asked whence he came, what were his prospects, and other such questions, and, finally, inquired if he would like to go abroad as a soldier and officer's servant. Anderson, who was not perhaps disinclined to leave a country in which there was at least one individual whom he had reason to dread, required little persuasion to induce him to enter into the stranger's views. He enlisted as a private, and immediately after set sail with the regiment in the capacity of drummer, acting at the same time, according to previous agreement, as the valet or servant of his patron.

It would be soon after the beginning of the reign of George III. that Andrew Anderson absconded from the neighbourhood of Elgin. There, the poor ragged boy, who had been cradled in a church-yard ruin, educated as a pauper scholar, starved and tyrannised over as a staymaker's apprentice—the child of *Daft May Gilzean*—was ere long forgotten, or only remembered amongst the thousands of other indifferent things that had passed and gone about the same time. No ray of intelligence respecting him ever found its way to Elgin. His mother was laid with her sorrows in that church-yard which, living, she had already adopted as her abode. Her parents also died in their time. The cruel staymaker perished like the rest. Even those who were kindred to him in blood, had ceased to remember the poor outcast boy—at least as one who had any claim upon their friendship.

* * In the year 1811, an elderly gentleman, attended by a single servant, arrived one evening at the Gordon Arms Hotel in Elgin. He ordered a slight repast, went to bed, and rose by times in the morning. His first question, like that of many strangers in Elgin, was about the Cathedral. "It was walled in," the

waiter said, "but the sexton, an old man, called Saunders Cook, residing in a cottage close beside the western gate, partly lived by showing the ruin, of which he could give all desirable particulars." The old gentleman soon found his way to the residence of Saunders, who forthwith admitted him to the precinct of this splendid relic of the heavier Gothic architecture. Saunders, according to the recollection of a correspondent, was a rather short, broad-built, white-haired, in-toed old shoemaker, about sixty-five, and a great talker. Except on Sundays, and on the occasion of great funerals, he wore a Kilmarnock nightcap on his head, and a leathern apron that tied round his middle, and hung at the top by a punt or thong that went round his neck. It was his custom to saunter on before any stranger, or group of strangers, pointing out the various parts of the building, and relating all that he had to tell respecting it in the sing-song drawing voice usual amongst functionaries of his order. As he was going through his ordinary routine, on the present occasion, the stranger asked if he knew whereabouts in the churchyard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried. "Na," answered Saunders; "she was a *puir worthless creatur*; naeboddy kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye where she lived. It was in that place there they ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn there, in a hollow stane, that was ance a font for holy water. I mind the laddie weel: he grew up a browe loon [Morayshire for a stout boy], and was Pauper at our schule." Chancing at this moment to look about, he observed the visitor to have his handkerchief at his eyes. While he paused in his recital, the stranger, when agitation allowed him to speak, said, "Unfortunate I knew she was, but I never heard she was worthless." Well was he entitled thus to take the part of the hapless maniac, for he was that very son whom she had brought up amidst privations inexpressible in this dismal place of shelter. He was now, however, Lieutenant-General Anderson, of the East India Company's service, the honourable possessor of an ample fortune, by means of which he was for ever to abolish, in his native town, the office of Pauper, by extinguishing the necessity which had hitherto compelled the poor scholar to become the drudge of the school, as the price of his scanty education.

General Anderson had returned to his native place, full of the best feelings towards it. Overlooking the painful recollections of his youth, he felt only that charm which the scenes of early years never fail to have for him who has spent his middle life elsewhere. He took a house, first at Leuchars, in the neighbourhood, and afterwards in the town itself, and there lived for several summers, returning to London to spend the winter. Being a man of modest and reserved manners, he spoke little of his life abroad. It was learned, however, that he owed his first steps in promotion to a power he had of readily acquiring languages. Having mastered the Hindostanee, he was sent to a distant place in the interior of India, to act as interpreter on some important occasion. He rose step by step, and at the taking of Seringapatam in 1799, he held so conspicuous a rank, and acted in so creditable a manner, as to be mentioned with honour in some of the public journals. It is thought that his share of the spoils at Seringapatam might be the chief foundation of his fortune. He ultimately retired with the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Bombay army.

At London, on the 23d of November 1815, General Anderson executed a trust-disposition and deed of settlement, assigning his whole heritable and moveable property to six gentlemen, most of them resident in Elgin, to be by them employed in the first place for the payment of a legacy of five hundred pounds to a gentle-

* The *s* in this name is not pronounced.

* Called in Scotland *raw sowens*.

man who seems to have been his godson,* and of one annuity of one hundred, and two of two hundred pounds, to three females, two of whom were distantly related to him, while the third had been his housekeeper at Elgin; and next and chiefly, "for the uses and purposes of founding and endowing an hospital, a school of industry, and free school, within the burgh of Elgin—in the first place, an Hospital for the maintenance of indigent men and women not under fifty-five years of age; secondly, a School of Industry for the maintenance and education of male and female children of the labouring classes, whose parents are unable to maintain and educate them, and for putting out the said children when fit to be so as apprentices, to some trade or occupation, or employing them in such a manner as may enable them to earn a livelihood by their lawful industry, and make them useful members of society; and, thirdly, an Establishment of a Master and Mistress properly qualified to conduct a free school, for the education of such male and female children whose parents may be in narrow circumstances, but still able to maintain and clothe their children." With magnanimity rarely exemplified on such occasions, he gave no directions for the perpetuation of his own name in connection with the results of his beneficence. "Which hospital and schools," says the will, "shall in all time coming be described and called by the name of THE ELGIN INSTITUTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF OLD AGE AND EDUCATION OF YOUTH." None were to be admitted into the hospital who had any pension or allowance from other sources, and who were not "of decent and respectable character;" it was also provided that inhabitants of the burgh of Elgin should be preferred; failing them, inhabitants of the other parts of the parish; and, failing these, inhabitants of the county. The benefits of the two schools were open to children of the county; and the testator expressed his wish that, as far as circumstances would admit, the Madras system of education should be conformed to.

This interesting and truly noble-minded man died at his house in Baker Street, London, on the 16th of September 1824. His age is given in the Gentleman's Magazine as 79, which would place his birth exactly at the time when the insurrection of 1745 broke out. The age of 77, assigned to him by an authority which we have consulted in his native town, is probably nearer the truth, as it seems unlikely that a foot-regiment would be quartered in Elgin till after the suppression of the rebellion.† It is satisfactory to know that, after the death of General Anderson, the honour, although perhaps not the prudence, of his mother, was cleared by legal proof—Elspet Anderson, of Garmouth, the daughter of the staymaker, having satisfied a jury that she was the lawful cousin, and nearest legal heir, to the deceased.

Since his death, his trust-disposition has been duly acted upon, and a fine building at the east end of the burgh of Elgin now stands as a lasting monument of his benevolence. We find, from a recently published account of the parish,‡ that five males and five females belonging to the town are at present enjoying the benefits of the Hospital for the Aged; that twenty-two boys and eighteen girls, from every parish in the county, are reared in the School of Industry—which number will probably be increased by other twenty, on the death of two annuitants; and that 230 children are receiving in the Free School "a gratis education suited to their station." Thus the fortune of the founder is, or will soon be, contributing to the happiness of no fewer than three hundred persons.

Thousands every year flock to Scotland, to fall into raptures with the physical sublimities of its hills, and lakes, and waterfalls, or to muse over scenes which genius has peopled with the imaginary beings of romance. It is strongly impressed on us that many, after indulging themselves with the contemplation of these objects, if brought to the remote burgh of Elgin, and informed of the circumstances narrated in this paper, would confess that they had found something

still more beautiful, still more romantic, still more sublime. Let them first behold the edifice in which so many find shelter from the evils of destitution, and so many more receive that nurture which is best to enable them to befriend themselves through life; and then be taken to the small dark cell, where May Gilzean cradled in a hollowed stone, in darkness and wretchedness, the hapless babe whose inherent gifts and honourable use of them were to give him the means of indulging a singular benevolence in shedding all these blessings on his native district; and then let them confess that human nature and human life have their sublimities as well as inorganic nature—and that "these be of them."

NEW MAGNETIC DOCTRINES.

FROM an English correspondent, who has long been resident in Paris, we have lately received a communication respecting some of those matters of unestablished science, which many ingenious persons in that capital are at present engaged in investigating, and particularly respecting a new magnetic hypothesis, which a gentleman named Azais has just broached in a very laborious work, after twenty years of study and experiment. The subjects touched upon may be, in the opinion of many, unconnected with any actual natural phenomena, and, if so, all notice of them would of course be unprofitable; but it must be remembered that, if not proved truths, neither are they as yet proved falsehoods; and we would say, with submission, that, in their present doubtful state, they are not unworthy of being adverted to, at least in a work which professes no formal scientific character, and in which amusement is a leading object. The remarks of our correspondent appear to us to be conceived in a philosophical spirit, and have our entire concurrence:—

* In his book, M. Azais begins by disputing the correctness of the Newtonian doctrine of attraction to the centre, and contends, on the contrary, that there is a magnetic expansion from the centre of all objects to the surface, and that, meeting there with a counteracting magnetic influence, which he calls *compression*, and which acts upon all points of the surface, the object acquires the roundness which we see in the planets, and other bodies which are round in their state of nature. When the expansive fluid, from its character, or from the operation of external causes, meets with a smaller degree of compression at any point, elongation takes place, and thus he explains the symmetry of all organised beings. * * All objects (he says) are in a state of vibration; not only those to which we assign life, but also those which hitherto have been considered destitute of motion. If granite or wood be pounded to dust, the minute particles, brought to the eye by means of a powerful microscope, are said to be in a state of vibration. Nay, further, according to this philosopher, the sounds of music are but the expansion of a magnetic fluid, sent forth by the sounding body, as light is sent forth by the sun, or caloric by the globe we inhabit. * * M. Azais contends for the influence of his magnetic or electric fluid, in keeping up what he calls the equilibrium of the whole of nature. This fluid, according to him, is the residence of life, and, although invisible to the eye, is real and positive in its nature. The brain, he says, is not directly acted upon by the mechanical agency of the fibres of the nerves, but by this fluid, of which the fibres are but the agents [we should suppose that, more correctly, he means the conductors.] The lines of nerves are, says he, but a voltaic pile, with their major and minor poles giving out their fluid, and keeping up the equilibrium designed by our great Creator. All the ideas which the brain receives are, according to M. Azais, conveyed to it in a real, or, as he styles it, bodily form. The scenes which we have witnessed when brought to the brain by memory, are as positively fixed upon it by those globules which represent the reality, as if the object were before our eyes. If we are fatigued, it is because the expansion has exceeded its strength, and been unable to contend with the compression. A state of repose gives new strength to the magnetic internal fluid, and when this is not overtaxed, the just equilibrium is kept up, which gives sensations of health and pleasure. So with all the organs of the brain. Their correspondence with each other is maintained by necessity of expansion, and it is the equilibrium which results from the due exertion of each that gives superiority of intellect or of moral sentiments.

The doctrine of M. Azais must not be confounded with *Mezmerism*. On the contrary, although he is disposed to admit that there does exist a similarity of nervous organisation amongst certain individuals, from which extraordinary effects may be expected to result, he is not yet convinced that the wonderful feats performed by magnetised somnambulists are not to a great extent to be attributed to delusion or jugglery. He insists that no individual is born without having his fellow on some part of the globe possessing the same magnetic organisation, but he does not therefore believe in the accounts which have been given of somnambulists reading from the pit of the stomach, and penetrating the thoughts of other persons. He confesses, however, that some of these relations have staggered him, because the narrators were men not easily imposed upon, and whose veracity was unquestionable.

More incredulous persons than M. Azais have been

puzzled by the accounts which have been published of magnetic somnambulism. The operation of M. Jules Cloquet in Paris, for cancer, on a magnetised patient, who suffered no pain during the operation, and who exclaimed, *vous me chatouillez*, "you tickle me," was performed in the presence of several distinguished surgeons, and no person attempts to dispute the authenticity of the fact. It must be confessed, however, on the other hand, that, considering the great importance of this operation, if successful in surgical operations, it is remarkable that we have not other proofs of a similar nature. The idea of there having been an understanding between M. Cloquet and the patient, cannot be entertained; for even if M. Cloquet had been capable of deception, which he was not, we are not permitted to suppose that any female could, under the effect of so painful an operation, possess sufficient courage to conceal her sufferings, and indulge in pleasantries, for the purpose of deception. But it may be fairly asked, if the persons who magnetised this female were so successful, why have they not performed similar feats? Common humanity alone was sufficient to make this a duty, putting aside the natural desire which the advocates of the science must feel to place it upon a positive footing. Within the last four or five years, a physician in London professes to have cured acute rheumatism by means of magnetism, and to have extracted teeth without pain whilst the patient was under its effects; and yet it appears to be a disputed point whether he did or did not produce the results alluded to. What is truly extraordinary, as connected with this subject, is, that each party claims the victory, and that the impartial observer hesitates as to giving an opinion for or against the one or the other. At Liege, in Belgium, a physician, M. T—, performed a curious series of experiments on a female of eighteen years of age, whom he had somnambulated. Amongst other feats, this young lady, with her eyes closely bandaged, read from the pit of the stomach articles which were written at the time by the spectators, and particularly by those who came determined to expose what they considered to be a jugglery between the physician and the patient. For several months, the performances of this somnambulist were the topic of general conversation, some persons declaring that they were real, others that they were a cheat; and to this day the medical men of Liege differ, now that they have had time to reflect upon them, as much as they did when they took place. Very recently in London a similar controversy has taken place, and an eminent physician has had to contend against much censure for the part which he took in patronising animal magnetism, and assertions have been made that he was the dupe of a set of designing speculators. On the other hand, hundreds declare that the performances were real; and it is really impossible, with such conflicting testimony, that public opinion can agree as to a verdict. What is the reason that the question cannot at once be set at rest? The tricks of the most expert dealers in sleight of hand have been exposed, and yet the able and enlightened persons who have attempted to detect the tricks of magnetisers, if tricks they were, have not been able to expose them to the public, or even to convince themselves fully that there is not something real in the magnetic somnambulism of the parties on whom the experiments were performed. The Academy of Sciences in Paris has twice decided that animal magnetism has no existence in fact, and yet there is still so much doubt on the minds of some of its most distinguished members, that a commission is to be appointed to examine afresh.

One of the most extraordinary cases of animal magnetism on record, is that related by M. Peletin, a physician of Lyons, and which is the more extraordinary from the circumstance of M. Peletin having been, previously to the occurrence of this case, an utter sceptic in animal magnetism. The case, as related by M. Peletin, is too long to be given entire. The leading points of it will suffice.

A lady, nineteen years of age, of robust constitution, fell into a state of catalepsy through an imprudence. She had been recommended to use the oxide of mercury for the purpose of dyeing her hair; and having done so frequently, so much of the poison was absorbed, that the nervous system was partially overthrown, and fits of catalepsy ensued, during which, smell, taste, feeling, sight, and hearing, were destroyed. When the fit came on, this lady, Madame B—, could distinguish nothing by the eye, whilst, at the epigastrium, sensation was clear and positive, and all the objects presented to it were reflected as in a mirror, surrounded by an atmosphere of fire. This catalepsy, it will be observed, was not the effect of any magnetic experiment, but of accident. It will, however, be seen that it resembled entirely the somnambulism which is said to be produced by operators in animal magnetism. When M. Peletin spoke to the patient, she heard his voice, not by the ear, but by the epigastrium. If he placed himself at a short distance, she heard him imperfectly; but if he made a conductor of his own body, placing one hand on the epigastrium of the patient, and speaking on the joined fingers of the other, she then heard distinctly. On one occasion the physician requested the sister-in-law of the patient to place her hand on her stomach, and, forming a chain of seven persons with their arms fully extended, he placed himself at the extremity, and joining the chain with one hand, he spoke in so low a tone on the fingers of the other hand, that the sister-in-law could not hear what he said, and every word was heard by the patient through the stomach, the sense of hearing, by the ear, being during the fit entirely extinct.

* Archibald Andrew Anderson Lauriston, son of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Lauriston of the East India Company's service, residing in Edinburgh.

† As the statements in this paper are of a somewhat extraordinary nature, it may not be superfluous to inform the reader that they are all, to the best of our knowledge, true. The obscurity which rests over a large portion of the history of the hero may have led to some slight inaccuracies in a few of the less important details; but we have used every effort in our power to be correct, and, we believe, are so in all the more important features of the story.

‡ New Statistical Account of Scotland, by the Ministers of the respective Parishes, No. VIII.

If between the hand and the stomach he placed a stick of sealing-wax, the communication was cut off; and although he raised his voice to the highest pitch, the patient heard nothing; but the moment that it was removed, and a finger placed upon the stomach, she heard all that was said, even though in a whisper. The communication was intercepted in a similar way by the interposition of a piece of glass; and if a single person of the chain put on silk gloves, the same effect was produced. Madame B— being very fond of music, two of her relations, who played upon the flute, performed a duet, taking care to connect these instruments with the stomach of the patient, by a chain of persons, or by a wet rope of hemp. If the chain was broken, or the rope became dry, the sound was cut off. With respect to taste and smell, the same phenomena were produced. If bread, wine, tobacco, pepper, cinnamon, &c., were placed in direct contact with the stomach, she recognised each article by the smell; and the mouth underwent, when articles agreeable to the taste were placed upon her stomach, the same movements as if she were eating; whilst, on the contrary, if the articles were repulsive, the mouth, the throat, and the oesophagus, contracted with the same disorder and anxiety as if she were about to vomit. During the whole of this time, the answers made by Madame B— to the questions which were put to her, showed that the brain was in a healthy state, and that the sense of all the communications made by the stomach was instantly conveyed to the cerebral region. If during one of the fits of catalepsy Madame B— was left to herself, she sang with much sweetness and correctness, the face, however, exhibiting restlessness and astonishment, although the air would be of a pleasing and sentimental character. The moment that any object was placed upon the stomach, there was a cessation of the air arising from the diversion to an external source.

M. Peletin having inquired why her features harmonised so little with the character of the air which she was singing, she replied, "I sing, doctor, to divert myself from a frightful spectacle. I behold all my inside; and as the different parts of which I am composed are unknown to me, have strange forms, and are more or less luminous, my features cannot but express what I feel. If a physician were to have for only a quarter of an hour the illness which I have, all the mysteries of nature would be revealed to him; and if he loved his art, he would not desire, as I do, to be rapidly cured."

"Do you perceive your heart?" said M. Peletin.

"Yes; it beats double and both sides at once; when the upper portion contracts, the lower swells, and then contracts; the blood flows out in a luminous state, and passes by two large vessels which are not far from each other."

In another fit the physician said, "Do you still see your inside?" "Yes." "And your head?" "Yes; it is on fire, but not in every part." "And do you see the arm and fingers with which I speak to you?" "Yes, but only when you are speaking to me."

During one of her attacks she said, "I shall, when I awake from this fit, be deaf, and the deafness will remain until after the fit of the morning."

"How do you know that?" said the physician.

She replied, "Because I do not see my ears; a shadow conceals them."

"But why do you suppose you will be deaf for twenty-four hours?"

"I feel it, but cannot explain it."

"After this fit," says M. Peletin, "she was deaf for twenty-four hours, as she had announced."

On another occasion she had in a manner identified herself with her physician. M. Peletin arriving after the usual hour, he had no sooner begun to speak to her by his fingers, than she said, "You are idle this morning, doctor."

"That is true, madam; but if you knew the cause, you would not reproach me."

"I do know it," said she; "you have had a sick headache for the last four hours, and it will not quit you until to-morrow morning at six o'clock. In vain would you attempt to cure your illness; it must run its course."

M. Peletin, who, notwithstanding the numerous proofs which he had received that there was no imposture in the case, was desirous even to the last of discovering something calculated to revive the incredulity which he felt when first called in, said, "Can you tell me on what side lies the pain that I feel?"

She replied, "Over the right eye, the temple, and the teeth. It will pass to the left eye; you will suffer much between three and four o'clock, and at six you will be entirely free from pain."

"Every thing," says M. Peletin, "passed as she had announced." In another part of his relation he says, "If I placed my hand upon that of the patient, and raised it gently, her hand followed mine, and imitated all its motions. If she was seated, she did not fail to rise in obedience to the hand which directed it. And, oh, inconceivable wonder! if I formed a thought without manifesting it by word or action, she was aware of it, and performed what I intended to command as if the determination had proceeded from herself. Sometimes she entreated me to revoke or suspend what I intended to prescribe, but of which I had said nothing, if it was beyond her strength."

M. Azais, in alluding to this relation, attempts, and with no common degree of skill, to connect every part of it with his great principle of magnetic influence;

and he informs us that, marvellous as the account appears, the authenticity of it is unquestionable. The patient herself had no motive for deception, and, if she had wished to deceive, was too rigidly watched for deception to have been practised. This case, if it even stood alone, ought rather to lead to scientific investigation than induce us to regard as impossible what cannot immediately be made comprehensible to our understanding. Men are too prone either to receive as true, on the testimony of others, what they will not give themselves the trouble to inquire into, or to reject as absurd what their comprehension does not immediately grasp. This is not the way to arrive at truth; it is not the way to bring about improvement. Some persons, with their eyes open, will not believe what they see; others shut their eyes, in order that they may not see what they do not wish to believe. In phrenology, in animal magnetism, in any disputed theory or doctrine, we should, if convinced of its correctness, respect the doubts, and appeal by facts to the judgment of others; if, on the contrary, we feel called upon to condemn, the motives of our condemnation should be set forth without acrimony.

MRS BROUGHTON'S "SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ALGIERS."

THE basis of this volume is composed of a diary kept by Mrs Blanckley, wife of the British consul at Algiers, between the years 1806 and 1812; the remaining portion consists of interjected and ampler passages, written by the editor Mrs Broughton, who was one of the daughters of Mr and Mrs Blanckley, and was a very young person while resident with her parents in that part of the world. The whole conveys a very faithful and intelligible, and in some respects even striking, picture of such parts of the internal policy and domestic life of the barbarian state as were apt to fall under the attention of the English minister's family, as well as of that atrocious system of Christian slavery which the Algerines practised so many years with impunity, but which ultimately led to their overthrow. It is impossible to read this volume without wondering greatly that the extinction of Algiers as a state occurred so lately as 1830.

Of the mode in which the governors or deys succeeded each other, we have some curious memorabilia. The Ottoman Porte, to which Algiers had long been tributary, seldom interfered in the matter, and was accustomed to send the *caplan of honour* to every wretch who could contrive to raise himself to the office. The people of Algiers themselves had equally little share in the various changes of government. The murder of one dey and the accession of another—for the two events were rarely unconnected—were brought about by conspiracies amongst the troops, and these conspiracies were always formed upon some understanding of mutual interest, the proposed dey agreeing, if successful, to give ample rewards to his associates. When a conspiracy broke out, and it was known that the life of the old dey was threatened, a painful feeling usually spread through the city, for it was not uncommon for the wretched man to make his escape into the streets, and there be hunted down by the soldiery. But when all was over, and the new dey had taken possession of his throne, the tumult for the most part subsided very soon, and all things went on as formerly. Mrs Blanckley's diary describes two revolutions of this kind as having taken place during her stay there with her family. The first of these events is thus narrated.—7th November, 1808. Accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying, that the Pacha Achmet (the reigning dey) was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to show to the new dey. In the evening we heard that every thing was quite quiet. To show how little even the consuls of civilised powers, then resident at Algiers, thought of such revolutions, the record of the 10th of November tells us, that "rain yesterday prevented Mr Blanckley going to pay his respects to the new dey, but to-day he went through that ceremony." The dey elevated on this occasion held his place only till the ensuing 4th of March, and a further proof of the coolness with which all men regarded these changes, is derived from the diary, which tells us that on the same day on which this dey was strangled, Mr Blanckley and the other consuls all went to pay their respects to his successor.

This custom of testifying the respect of the consuls for his deanship of Algiers, by appearing before him in a body, led to some odd scenes, previously to Mr Blanckley's time, in consequence of quarrels for precedence between the representatives of France and Britain. The diary before us tells the story thus:—"All the consuls have to-day paid their respects to his highness, with the exception of the French. He always paid his court the night before, ever since the following circumstance occurred. From time immemorial a scuffle for precedence had taken place between the British and French Consuls-General, on every oc-

casión in which they had met in the dey's presence; none of the envoys of the other powers, of course, ever presuming to dispute precedence with the representatives of the two great rival nations. The consular dignity must on these occasions, if the account is correct, have been greatly compromised, as it was not by Machiavelian skill that so momentous a point was usually decided, but by the superior personal agility exercised by his Britannic Majesty's representatives; to the no little edification of the long-bearded courtiers, who witnessed the indecorous exhibitions of European gymnastics. It at last happened that Consul Falconer, a gentleman still remembered by the sobriquet of 'the mad consul,' was determined that, in Algiers at least, an end should be put to Gallic presumption. On some grand festa, he therefore arrived at the palace, just before the time of admission to the dey's presence; and having posted himself at the foot of the great staircase, he there patiently awaited the appearance of the French consul, who no sooner came up than the usual race began, until they reached the top of the stairs, and were in the august presence of his highness, when Mr Falconer suddenly caught his antagonist round the waist, threw him over the banisters, then composedly walked forward, and paid his respects to the dey, amidst the shouts of laughter and applause of all present. Happily the poor Frenchman escaped without any hurt, except the ineurable mortification he experienced, which ever after prevented him and all his successors from again entering the lists with John Bull." Mr Blanckley had the merit of breaking through these paltry bonds of etiquette, and, by placing himself on terms of amity with the French consul, was enabled to do much good to his countrymen. Privateers of both nations came into the port of Algiers with prisoners, who were readily ransomed by exchanges, after a good understanding was established between the consuls.

Mr Blanckley's labours in favour of the British prisoners who fell under his notice, seem, indeed, to have been beyond all praise. Nor was his benevolence exerted alone in favour of his fellow-countrymen. The cruelties and privations to which the Christian slaves were subjected at Algiers, were of the most appalling kind. To these had been subjected for many years an old Sicilian named Francisco, with his sons Luciano and Marianno, all of whom had been captured at once by an Algerine corvette. Having fallen under the notice of the English consul, Francisco and his younger son Marianno had their sufferings greatly alleviated by being taken, with permission from the dey, into Mr Blanckley's service. At length, "after many abortive attempts (says Mrs Broughton, in her additions to her mother's diary) to propitiate the dey in behalf of the poor old man, whose wife and daughters had sold all they possessed in the world, to send the products to Algiers, in the hope that it might suffice for his ransom, though, alas! it fell so far short of the fixed sum, that the dey would not hear of its acceptance, my dear father on a particular occasion (what exactly I do not now recollect), on which, according to *usanza*, the dey was bound to make a present of value to the English Consul, as was his constant practice in similar circumstances, made a public request that his highness would graciously be pleased, instead of any other offering, to bestow upon him a Christian slave. This in royal courtesy, even in Algerine etiquette, the pacha could not refuse, and Francisco, as well as several other equally fortunate slaves, were granted to his request, although the dey latterly said, 'Take care, Signore Console, that you have not to reproach yourself with the loss of my head, for I fear I may with justice be accused of being over-generous in thus parting with the property of the state.'

When the old man was on the point of leaving us, my father asked him, if he should ever find a propitious moment in which he might prevail upon the dey to grant him the liberty of one of his sons, on the payment of the hitherto considered inadequate sum of money which had been forwarded for the purpose of his own ransom, to which of his sons should preference be shown? 'Ask me not, sir,' replied the agitated father; 'I cannot make a choice between two children equally dutiful and affectionate, and equally dear to me.'

An opportunity for the furtherance of my father's benevolent intentions did at length occur, and he named our own servant Marianno as the object worthy of being benefited by the dey's liberality; and in consequence, his passage was engaged on board a ship going to Malta. He took a respectful leave of the family, and we all looked at the vessel as it sailed out of the bay, of course believing that it contained our honest *auto cuoco*. But to the astonishment of the whole household, Marianno entered the drawing-room that very evening, and throwing himself at the feet of my parents, he exclaimed, 'Pardon me, my benefactors, if your servant has thus presumed to deceive your goodness. Luciano was my elder brother, and in every respect more worthy and capable of being more useful to our parents than I am; and I have therefore, against his own will, by proving to him, as he is able to do more good, that it was his bounden duty to go in my place, with difficulty persuaded him; and believe me, that it is far happier for me; and I hope it may please God to let me serve you while I live.'

Tears of mingled sympathy and admiration were the only answers to this model of fraternal piety, whose last wish was, however, unfulfilled; for Marianno was one of the weeping group that escorted us to the Marina on the evening of our embarkation at Algiers, and he

* Post octavo. London, Saunders and Otley; Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute.

was one of Lord Exmouth's triumphant proofs that Britannia rules the waves."

With another extract we shall close our notice of this volume, though in its pages we might find many other passages that are both lively and interesting. The extract alluded to gives countenance to the system of Freemasonry, as being, at times at least, of no light service to the initiated. The name of Babastro, a renowned Spanish corsair, who, under the protection of Bonaparte, did much injury to British small-craft in the Mediterranean, is often mentioned in this work. "Must I (says Mrs Broughton), whilst the name of Babastro occupies my pen—must I, who ranked the name of Babastro amongst the Jack-the-giant-killers, ogres, hobgoblins, evil genii, spiteful fairies, and *croque mitaines* who so prominently occupied my young imagination—must I, in justice and in charity, trace one redeeming trait? Yes, even so; I will, in my dear father's spirit, who never failed, whenever circumstances led him to speak of this one of his arch-plagues, always to conclude by adding the only palliating circumstance with which he was acquainted, and from which he deduced a strong argument in support of one of his most favourite dogmas, viz. that great benefit had accrued to mankind by the establishment and continuation of Freemasonry, of which he was a most decided admirer and zealous advocate. After the capture of an English prize by this so-called corsair, and whilst his crew were following their usual honourable practice of stripping our unfortunate countrymen (to which they induced them to submit by holding over them unsheathed knives), that they, the gallant captors, might thus exactly ascertain the precise amount of their booty; it so occurred, that the master of one of the luckless English vessels, whose name escapes my recollection, whilst undergoing this unceremonious disrobing, made use of one of those mystic gestures invisible to all but the initiated brethren of the trowel and apron. Whatever that sign was, it passed not unnoticed, for instantly was his hand clasped in that of Babastro, and an immediate order was given by him to his satellites to release the English captain from their grasp; and he desired, that whatever property was ascertained to belong exclusively to him, should by all be held sacred, and restored to him. Nor were these professions a mere *façon de parler*, for most strictly were they fulfilled, as I perfectly remember hearing the English captain relate to us. All I recollect besides of this chieftain of the privateers which so long infested the coast of Algiers, is, that his master Napoleon judged him worthy of being named a member of the legion of honour."

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family; through his mother he was descended from Sir Thomas More, and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early distinguished. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him; and a saying of the second of these eminent persons respecting him is recorded by his biographers—that he was fitter to serve a king than a subject. He fell, nevertheless, into trouble, in consequence of secretly marrying the daughter of Sir George Moore, lord-lieutenant of the Tower: this step kept him for several years in poverty, and, by the death of his wife, a few days after giving birth to her twelfth child, he was plunged into the greatest grief. At the age of forty-two, Donne became a clergyman, and soon attaining distinction as a preacher, he was preferred by James I. to the deanery of St Paul's; in which benefice he continued till his death in 1631, when he was buried honourably in Westminster Abbey.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams: they were first collected into one volume by Tonson in 1719. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly in some degree revived. In its days of abasement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit: Dryden even hints at the necessity of translating him into numbers and English. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much rubbish, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order, in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as "imbued to saturation with the learning of his age," endowed "with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy, rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit, admirable as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness"—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem to have beset him. Donne is usually considered as the first of a series of poets of the seven-

teenth century, who, under the name of the Metaphysical Poets, fill a conspicuous place in English literary history. The directness of thought, the naturalness of description, the rich abundance of genuine poetical feeling and imagery, which distinguish the poets of Elizabeth's reign, now begin to give way to cold and forced conceits, mere vain workings of the intellect, a kind of poetry as unlike the former as punning is unlike genuine wit. To give an idea of these conceits—Donne writes a poem on a familiar popular notion, a broken heart. Here he does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to be the causes of broken hearts, but starts off into a mere play of conceit upon the phrase. He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

—love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will jingle on the reader's imagination, he proceeds thus:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now, as broken glasses shew
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rag of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit.

It is at the same time to be borne in mind that the quality above described did not characterise the whole of the writings of Donne and his followers. They are often direct, natural, and truly poetical, in spite, as it were, of themselves. Donne, it may be here stated, is usually considered as the first writer of that kind of satire which Pope and Churchill carried to such perfection. His satires, to use the words of a writer already quoted, are rough and rugged as the unheaven stones that have just been blasted from the quarry.

The specimens which follow are designed only to exemplify the merits of Donne, not his defects:—

ADDRESS TO BISHOP VALENTINE, ON THE DAY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE ELECTOR PALATINE TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine:
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine! * *

VALEDICTION—FORBIDDING MOURNING.

[This poem was composed on parting with his wife, to attend an embassy in France.]

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;
So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.
Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.
Dull, sublimity lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.
But we're by love so much refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless of eyes, lips, and hands to miss.
Our two souls, therefore (which are one),
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.
And thou' it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.
My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
My ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To live there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.
My faith I give * * *
my best civility
And courtship to an university;
* That is, Absence.

My modesty I give to soldiers bare;

My patience let gamblers share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends: mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ!

And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as tho' I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Hellam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue;
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.
Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth.
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.

Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

SYMONS'S "ARTS AND ARTIZANS AT HOME AND ABROAD."*

MR JELINGER C. SYMONS, one of the Assistant Commissioners of the Handloom Inquiry, and a notable example of a class of literary men now fast rising into importance, inquisitive and keen-sighted as to all matters on which national wealth and individual happiness depend, has here applied himself to the important task of comparing the condition of British working-men, of all classes, with those of corresponding classes in the other countries of Europe. Of his personal qualifications for this undertaking, we have no reason to doubt: of his opportunities and means, we have some account in the preface. "The researches I have assisted in making," says he, "under the Handloom Commission, and more especially my subsequent mission of inquiry into the relative circumstances of the artisans of France, Belgium, Austria, and Switzerland, aided by the facilities afforded me through the personal and official services of our ambassadors, have necessarily opened to me a wide and valuable field of observation." * * * Mr Symons is thus, perhaps, as well prepared as any other man (in all probability much better) to present a view of the condition of the labouring classes abroad. Yet we must confess we should like to see this inquiry still more seriously taken up. It would be well worth while for government to fee a corps of properly qualified persons, who should make it the business of years to obtain satisfactory information on a point of so much consequence.

It may be assumed from the statements adduced by Mr Symons, that the ordinary weekly wages of workmen of the Class of First Skill in Great Britain, as machine-makers, and the finishers of many of the trades, are from 25s. to 35s.—average 30s. Those of workmen of the Class of Second Skill, in which we include spinners in factories, and common artisans, as tailors, masons, carpenters, compositors, &c., range from 17s. to 25s.—average 21s. A Third Class, whose labour is comparatively light, and skill small, as carders, and weavers by power in factories, fustian cutters, &c. appear to have at an average about 14s. The Fourth Class, which we compose of spademen, ditchers, farm-labourers, and so-called unskilled labourers in general, have 9s. 6d. at an average. At the time when these summaries were taken down (before the late rise of markets), beef was 6d. per pound and wheat flour 2d.; so that the workmen of the various classes could respectively, with their average weekly wages, purchase 60, 42, 28, and 19 pounds, of the one article of consumption, and 180, 126, 84, and 57, of the other.

In Belgium, in the flourishing machine-making establishment of Mr Cockerill at Seraing, where uncommonly high wages for the country are given, the workmen whom we conceive to correspond with those in our own country entitled Class of First Skill, have from 5 to 10 francs (from 4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.) per day—say for average 6s. 3d., or 37s. 6d. per week. The wages of this set, however, are evidently peculiar, owing to the difficulty there must be in Belgium in getting even the small number of properly qualified men required. Forgers, founders, and workmen in the proving department, earn only about 4½ francs (3s. 9d.) per day, or 22s. 6d. per week. Wages in this establishment are said to be 10 per cent. higher than in the rest of Belgium, a fact which we must attribute to the recent rise and rapid progress of the work, every thing being prosperous and hopeful. The average wages at Seraing are 2s. 11d. per day, or 17s. 6d. per week; and the lowest ever paid to an able-bodied workman are 2s. 3d., working 6 days a-week, and 12 hours a-day.

While a peculiarity seems to rest on the Class of First Skill in Belgium, we have sufficiently distinct

* Duodecimo, 270 pages. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, John Cumming. 1839.

results as to the rest. The spinners at Ghent, a portion of the Class of Second Skill, earn 13s. 9d. (16½ francs) per week. The wages of masons, tailors, compositors, and other workmen of the Class of Second Skill, are about the same, or rather less. Men of the Third Skill in Belgium earn about 9s. per week, while agricultural labourers in purely rural provinces, being of the Class of Fourth Skill, have only 4s. 6d. to 6s. a-week, without food. In the provinces, however, in which manufactories are situated, as Liege and Namur, agricultural labourers get equal wages with food. We have here an instructive fact as to the efficacy of manufactures in improving the condition of a rustic population, and of all who depend on land. It is to be observed, that the hours of work throughout Belgium are in general longer than with us, ranging from 11½ to 15.

While the money wages are thus, with one unimportant exception, considerably below those of Great Britain, provisions are much cheaper than with us. Bread is there only 1½d. per pound. An able-bodied man in the country will support himself comfortably on 7d. a-day. We shall here quote some particulars from Mr Symons:—

"The food of the working-classes, not only of Belgium, but of all the countries of the continent, consists of vegetables; meat is not the food of the working classes, either of Belgium or of any other country. It is the relish used with food. The Italian eats macaroni; the staple food of the French and Germans is bread or cabbage; of the Irish, potatoes (and the consumption of potatoes, as a main article of sustenance, is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, but is rapidly spreading over the continent). It is a beautiful fiction to describe John Bull as eating beef. If 'John Bull' means two-thirds of the population, John Bull is living on vegetable diet; and not above one-third of him is nourished by meat. The Indians eat rice; the West Indians, yams and bread-tree; the Africans, dates; in fact, a fraction, and that a very small one, of mankind are carnivorous.

The workmen employed in the iron-works of the Hainault, Liege, and the machine-making factories of Seraing, Bruxelles, Ghent, &c., live on potatoes and vegetables, with a piece of meat among them, for dinner regularly; coffee of chicory; and on the Sundays, spirits in moderate quantity. These are the best paid.

The workmen who come under the second class are the masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., of the towns, the woollen factory and domestic weavers, who live nearly in the same manner, but consume either a less portion of meat, or take it only three or four times a-week.

The cotton-weavers and factory workmen live less well. Potatoes and vegetable soup form their chief food, with bread half rye and half wheat; coffee, and occasionally a glass of spirits, and commonly brown beer, are their beverage. This beer is particularly nasty, but, I believe, wholly free from *coccus indicus*, &c. &c.—pure malt, hops, water, and salt, ill proportioned, and execrably boiled.

The linen-weavers and the common labourers are identified, and consume potatoes and rye-bread, which is a common article of consumption in Belgium, and indeed generally on the Continent amongst the poorest classes, vegetable soup, rarely flavoured with meat, coffee of chicory, beer, &c.

However coarse the food may be on which the Belgian artisans subsist, the abundance of their meals is most striking. I was constantly in the habit of entering their dwellings at meal-times, and I uniformly found the contents of the table even greater than the capacity of their appetites.

Agricultural labourers are well fed: they have bread and coffee in the morning, vegetable soup for dinner, with meat three times a-week, with beer. The poorest of all eat rye-bread, and potatoes, with coffee."

The facts brought forward by Mr Symons respecting the condition of working-men in France, are not favourable. Overlooking the Class of First Skill, respecting which we find no distinct facts, it appears that artisans (Second Skill) in Paris, as carpenters, masons, shoemakers, &c., earn about 2s. 6d. (3 francs) per day, or 15s. per week. Artisans of a higher order of skill, as engravers, jewellers, and tailors (for tailors are there men of a higher skill), earn at an average 3s. 6d. per day, or 21s. per week. In the country, however, 1s. 8d. per day, or 10s. per week, form the wages of the most of trades, at an average. In Lyons, where the silk-weaving is now once more flourishing, the chef d'atelier, or master of a shop of about ten looms, makes 12s. 6d., and the ordinary weavers under him about 10s. per week. Spinners at Guebwillers make 13s. 6d. per week—in Normandy 14s. 7d. at an average, working between thirteen and fourteen hours a-day. A power-loom weaver, having two looms, makes 12s. 6d. a-week. Handloom weavers, working from thirteen to fourteen hours a-day, average for the most skilled class 6s. 3d. a-week, for the second class 4s. 4d. The wages of a country labourer in France are, in summer 9s., and in winter 7s. per week—a considerably higher rate in proportion than the wages of the artisans and spinners. In the spinning factories at St Quentin, in the north of France, which are prosperous, the average of wages for all persons employed was found by Mr Symons to be 5s. 10d., while in Lancashire it is 10s. 6d.

Food is cheaper in France than in England. At St Quentin Mr Symons found bread at 3½d. for 2 1-5th pounds, and beef of the common sort at 5½d. for the pound of 16 ounces. Yet the lodging and food of the working-classes are greatly worse than with us. The

houses are described as for the most part dirty, comfortable, and evincing every symptom of bad management and poverty combined. The working-people are exempt from our most besetting vice of intemperance, but "they are not moral for that; their want of prudence is excessive; they live from hand to mouth; the least illness, or want of work at all prolonged, plunges them into a state of profound misery." The silk-weavers of Lyons are an emaciated miserable-looking set of beings, diseased and under-sized. "In that town, one room frequently contains a man and his wife, two or three children, and a workman and his wife." In the poor district called the *Landes*, the food of the agricultural labouring-class consists of "rye bread, soup made of millet, cakes made of Indian corn, now and then some salt provision and vegetables, rarely if ever butcher meat; their drink water. In other parts of southern France they live better. They eat wheaten bread, soup made with vegetables, and a little grease or lard twice a-day, potatoes and vegetables, but seldom butcher meat; their drink is wine or piquette (a thin liquor made from the dregs of grapes); a family could lay something by from their gains at the end of the year, as the wants of the lower classes are much fewer than in England; in fact, the luxuries of tea, &c. are unknown."

The working people of Switzerland appear, from Mr Symons's statements, to be in an uncommonly comfortable condition. It is difficult, however, to convey a just idea of their incomes, in consequence of their almost invariably possessing small pieces of land, on which they raise grain or potatoes, or rear sheep and cattle, and from which accordingly they derive much of their subsistence. Of the highly skilled labourers, as the numerous watchmakers of southern Switzerland, Mr Symons gives no returns. Journeyman artisans, again, have generally small wages (from 3s. to 5s.), with board and lodging. In "an average cotton-mill in Argovia" (the hours of labour being from 6 to 11 and from 12 to ½ past 7), the weekly wages are, on an average—spinners, 7s. 6d.; carders, 5s.; girls, piecers, &c., 3s. 9d.; power-loom weavers, 3s. 9d. In the country, common out-of-door labourers get 9d. a-day in summer, and 7½d. in winter, with a quart of wine and half a pound of bread. On an average in the German cantons, bread is from 1d. to 1½d. per pound of 17 ounces, or about the half of what it now is in England; meat, from 2½d. to 4½d. per Swiss pound. "I confidently believe," says our author, "that it would require 30s. per week in England, in the neighbourhood of any country town, to put a man, his wife, and three children (two of whom shall be above 15 years of age), in the same condition, and in all physical respects on a footing with the average of Swiss artisan peasants having the same family." * * The cantons of St Gall and Appenzel, which are perhaps among the first of the German manufacturing cantons, present a most enchanting picture of the happiness of the artisans, combined with a low amount of money wages. * * The cottages are scattered separately over the vales and hills, each standing in the midst of its little estate, with the goats or sheep, with their melodious bells to their necks, grazing on the land, which is generally pasture. The interior of the cottages, which are built of wood, are cleanly beyond description, and are well furnished with every article of cottage comfort. * * Hand-loom weaving is, in Switzerland, "considered in its proper light, namely, as an occupation too easy and light to be remunerated otherwise than by proportionately low payment." * * The high education of the Swiss soon taught them to perceive that a handicraft, at least as far as plain weaving is concerned, requiring the skill of children and the strength of women, must necessarily be remunerated by the wages of children and women's labour. Weaving, therefore, except in the fancy work, has long ceased to be a separate employment, and exists but as the occupation of children, women, and elderly men, or as occupying the intervals of higher branches of adult industry." Agricultural labourers work at the loom in the evenings, in bad weather, and in winter, when the English farm-labourer is idle.

Mr Symons considers the working-people of Austria as "far from ranking low in the scale of industrial welfare among the nations of the continent." The weekly wages of factory labourers average as follows:—Spinners, 10s.; women, 6s.; children, 2s. 4½d.; the hours, however, are "cruelly long," being frequently 15, and in some instances 17, per day, exclusive of meal times. A carpenter or mill-wright will earn 10s. per week. Common bread is 1d. 1-6th, and beef 3d., per pound. "In Austria, the working-classes are generally contented, but certainly an ill-informed people. They are, moreover, weaker in intellect than [the inhabitants of] perhaps any of the surrounding countries." "Almost every father of a family has a house and several patches of land. The house and land may have cost L.100, one-half or three-fourths of the purchase-money being borrowed at 5 per cent. This is a system much like that described as existing in the Channel Islands.

In Prussia, at the flourishing works of Elberfeld, weavers make from 8s. to 16s. per week, and dyers 12s. for hard work with long hours, or 9s. for less severe work. In northern Prussia, wages are not so high. Mechanics, as carpenters and blacksmiths, earn in the towns from 9s. to 11s. per week; shoemakers, tailors, &c., about 7s.; common labourers in towns 6s. in summer, and 4s. 6d. in winter. Agricultural labourers, besides free house, fuel, and sometimes half an acre of ground, earn from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per week. In

Wurttemberg, the best artisans in towns are fed and lodged by their masters, and receive from 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. weekly. Farmers hire their servants by the year, feed and lodge them, and give them, in the villages, from L.1, 13s. 4d. to L.3, 6s. 8d., in the towns from L.4, 8s. 4d., to L.5, yearly. These workmen "in the morning eat soup, potatoes, or bread; dinner, vegetables or pudding; between dinner and supper, bread; supper, potatoes and milk, or soup; once or twice a-week, meat. Wages, such as they are, go far. Even day-labourers can save great part of their earnings."

We here conclude our abbreviations of the statements of Mr Symons respecting the condition of working men in various European countries. Summaries and general views must form the subject of a second and concluding paper.

A STORY FROM HERODOTUS.

ONCE on a time there sat on the throne of Egypt a prince named Rhemphis, or Rampsinitis—it is no great consequence which; he was an aged gentlemanly sort of person, very fond of amassing riches; a propensity he had so unremittingly endeavoured to gratify during his whole career, that he had become ultimately one of the wealthiest monarchs that ever swayed the Egyptian sceptre. But was he happy after he had arrived at this consummation of his wishes? Not exactly so; and on this rests our present story, the facts of which are faithfully taken from the Greek historian Herodotus, though we claim and use the privilege of relating them in our own humble way.

Rhemphis, then, had accumulated great treasures of gold, and silver, and precious jewels. It was perfectly delightful to the old king to look upon them, but the fear of losing them came in the way to mar his enjoyment. The monarch distrusted his servants and every body about him, naturally enough supposing that every one regarded such objects with eyes as covetous as his own. This idea became the torment of the king's life. What was to be done? To do him justice, Rhemphis was not cruel or tyrannical, and although particular persons among his dependents might be the chief objects of his uneasy suspicion, he never once thought of the plan of inviting them to a banquet, and letting loose executioners upon them in their hour of unguarded relaxation; which was the plan adopted by a certain successor of his, some two or three thousand years afterwards, in order to get rid of four or five hundred servants (usually called Mamelukes) who had become objects of jealousy and dislike to their master. Rhemphis never took such a scheme as this into his head. The plan that he did fall upon was the simple one of building a secure place for the reception of the gold which he was afraid of losing. With this view he called an architect, or rather several architects, before him, to consult about the stone strong-box he had resolved to build. We say several architects, because there is strong reason to believe that the job was executed by contract. The builder to whom the employment fell, executed it, at least in a way and manner very different from the employer's wishes, which renders the presumption of its being a contract very strong. The new treasury was erected close to the side of the palace walls, and had no opening whatever, excepting one to the private apartments of Rhemphis, in the interior of the royal building. Nothing but a blind blank stone wall, of most sufficient strength, was presented to gazers from the outside; and as for the door leading to and from the palace, the king took excellent good care, both that the keys of it should never for a moment leave his own royal girdle, and that its strength should be such as to render access without these lock-pickers impossible.

Rhemphis was absolutely happy, or at least wonderfully merry, when once he had got this strong-box fairly made, and his treasures deposited in it. Every day after dinner, to the great astonishment and also to the satisfaction of his only daughter—a creature young and beautiful as the dawn—he would make an attempt to carol an emphatic ditty, which, being translated from the Coptic, approached very nearly in signification to our own "Begone, dull care!" But this state of complacency did not continue long. On one of his solitary visits to his strong-box, it struck the king that things were not as he had left them at his previous visit. He missed some portion of his golden hoards; but their total amount was so immense, that he could not be certain of the fact until he had made a mark, and examined a second time. His suspicions were confirmed; his gold had been pilfered, and that in no small quantities! From that hour, as may be supposed, the king's comfort was utterly destroyed, and the more so, because he could not form the slightest conception of the authors of the robbery, or the manner in which it had been effected. The lock and seals—for he was in the habit of using the additional precaution of sealing up the door—were apparently untouched. It was next to impossible that any person could have entered by the door, and, as Rhemphis held up his lamp, and looked around the dead walls, he thought it equally out of the question to suppose any one could pass through them. Nevertheless, on succeeding visits the monarch perceived the diminution of his gold still to continue. Never was old gentleman so puzzled, so distracted. How could the thief get in, and who could the thief be? All that Rhemphis could determine on the matter was, that the pilferer must be one of his own servants; and having arrived at this conclusion, the next question was, How

to catch him! To place guards around the place would have been ridiculous, as the unknown plunderer would thereby have been deliberately warned of his danger. At length Rhemphus resolved to place traps inside of the treasure-house, and around the vases containing the precious boards. The king's confidential artificer got the traps made accordingly, and they were, with all possible speed, set in the requisite situation. But before we tell the issue, we must introduce the thief, or rather the thieves, to the reader.

The job of building the stone strong-box, it has been hinted, was in all probability done by contract. This is to be hoped at least, seeing that poor payment would furnish some little apology for the conduct of the builder. That personage so disposed one of the large stones of the wall on the outside, that it could be easily removed by two or even one man of ordinary strength, and a ready access thus opened to the treasures within. The architect never made use, personally, of this avenue to wealth; but he fell ill soon after the completion of the building, and being more anxious about the monetary comfort of his wife and his two sons than about the preservation of their honesty, he told the youths of the manner in which he had provided for their future prosperity by the artifice of the hole in the wall. Not long after their father's death, the sons went to the spot, crept into the treasury, and carried away enough to supply their wants for the time being. When their necessities called upon them, they went back again and again. But, in the mean time, the traps were set, and on one of their visits the elder of the brothers was caught therein! He comprehended his situation instantly, and being a bold determined fellow, called upon the younger to kill him instantly. "It is the only means," exclaimed he, "to save our mother and yourself. If when found here I am known, the whole affair will be detected, and all of us will perish at once. Therefore, since I cannot escape, and must die, cut off my head, brother, and carry it away. It will be impossible for them then to know me." The younger was most reluctant to obey the other's desire; but at length, with a sad heart, he did as he was requested. He then lifted his brother's head, crept out and replaced the stone, and ran home to his mother.

By daylight Rhemphus was in his treasury to discover the result of his scheme, and never, perhaps, was king or common man so surprised as when he found the headless body of a man in the trap, while at the same time no possible mode of egress or ingress was yet to be seen. The affair was ten times more mysterious than ever. Rhemphus, however, formed some hope of unravelling it by means of the corpse. This he ordered to be exposed near the spot, while at the same time he placed a band of soldiers hard by, with orders to seize any one who should express sorrow at the sight. This "weak invention" never would have brought the truth to light, as the surviving thief was too wise to take any notice of the matter; but his mother compelled him to interfere. The old lady was exasperated at the treatment of her lost son's body, and plainly told the survivor that if he did not fall on some means of bringing it away, she would go and tell the whole to the king. In vain did the youth endeavour to excuse himself: the mother knew his inventive genius, and was obstinate. Finding this to be the case, the son bethought himself of a plan to effect her wish. Loading some asses with skins of wine, he drove them in the evening close to the spot where the soldiers were stationed, and then secretly drew out the pegs from two or three of the skins. "Oh, my wine! my beautiful wine! From Mareotis every drop of it!" he began to howl in such a manner, as speedily to bring the soldiers to his side. Instead of helping him, however, to replace the pegs, they began to drink freely from the gushing skins, as he had expected. He affected at first to be angry, but when they only laughed and made game of him, he seemed to become pacified, and to admire their drollery. Nay, in token of that admiration, he gave them a skin of wine, and helped to drink it, appearing enchanted with their merriment. The issue was, that every man became intoxicated, and in time fell asleep. The youth allowed the night to come on, and then took down his brother's body, which he put into a sack provided for it, and laid on the back of one of his asses. Being a fellow of irrepressible drollery, he could not help leaving the soldiers, and the king also, a parting token of his derision, by cutting off a portion of the whisker on the right cheek of each of the men.

When Rhemphus heard of this, he was, you may be sure, in a dreadful passion, though his admiration of the thief's ingenuity and boldness was almost equal to his anger. The old king could do nothing after these events but think and dream of that same thief. When his daughter asked him at dinner what he would like best to have, "the thief," was the usual reply. In fact, he grew a sort of monomaniac upon this subject; and had he not been the horn ruler of millions, would assuredly have been heartily beaten, twenty times over, seeing that he got into such a species of dotage on this point, as at last to ask every body about him, not excepting even his prime minister, "Are you the thief—my thief?" At length he fell upon a strange plan to discover the cause of all his troubles. He commanded his beautiful daughter to receive the addresses of any man, on condition that he would tell her the most artful as well as wicked thing he ever did. Rhemphus conjectured that either the hope of marrying the princess, or the sheer audacity that seemed to distinguish him, would bring forward the rogue; and he was not

disappointed. The young thief came forward at once; but, guessing at the king's plan, he provided himself accordingly. He went on his courting expedition to the princess, and remained with her till it was dark, when, according to the plan, the young lady put the question to him. The youth replied unhesitatingly, "The most wicked thing I ever did was to cut off the head of my brother, who was caught in a trap in the king's treasury; and the most artful thing I ever did was to make the king's guards drunk, and carry off my brother's body." As soon as this answer was given, the princess, as had been arranged, seized the youth's arm, and gave the alarm that he might be apprehended. But what was her astonishment and terror, when the arm she grasped came away from the body, and remained alone in her possession, while the thief quietly glided off, and made his escape. On lights being brought, the princess found that she had a dead man's arm in her grasp!

Rhemphus was now in perfect despair. This extraordinary thief was too much even for a king to contend with. The daughter could not explain the circumstance of the arm, as the thief had appeared to her a most agreeable youth, with arms like those of other mortals. Fairly baffled, Rhemphus now proclaimed, that, if the wonderful thief would come forward, he should not only be pardoned, but rewarded handsomely. The young trickster trusted the royal word, and immediately presented himself before the king, to whom he candidly explained the whole secret of the moveable stone in the wall. "But the arm—the dead arm!" said the monarch. The youth smiled, and replied, that, guessing the princess would have orders to seize him after his confession, he had brought the arm with him under his cloak for the purpose, having taken it from the body of a person recently dead. The old king was delighted with the manners and address of the young thief. In fact, "he looked upon him (says Herodotus) as the cleverest of human beings," and gave him his daughter in marriage—an arrangement to which the young princess is not recorded as having offered any objections.

Thus happily ends the history of one of the most famous thieves of antiquity; an ending very different, indeed, from what similar practices would have entailed on the deer in these our unromantic days.

POKINGS IN ETYMOLOGY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

It is well known that the consonant *ch* is remarkable for the variety of phases it assumes in pronunciation, as, for example, *chaise*, *church*, *chaos*, *Brechin*, *yacht*. Without entering upon any explanation of these diversities, we may infer from the Proteus-like character of this letter (as it is justly considered to be in Spanish, notwithstanding its duplicity of form, having in that language the invariable sound it has in *church*), that the English and Scotch correlatives *church* and *kirk* are the self-same word. Now, a striking, and by no means unlikely origin, may be proposed for *kirk*, namely, the two Greek words *kurios* *oikos* (*kurios oikos*), "the Lord's house," which, by rejecting the mere masculine terminational index *os*, and then condensing the two words into one, may be easily contracted into the monosyllable referred to.

It often happens that the same parent word may have descendants, in different languages, where the family likeness is obscure, and indeed sometimes altogether imperceptible. This is strikingly illustrated in the word *bishop*, and its French correlative *evêque*, which have not a single letter in common, and yet can easily be traced upwards to one sole Grecian progenitor, namely, *episcopos* (*episcopos*), meaning literally "overseer." Following the descending process, we have first, by dropping the masculine postfix *os*, the radical term *episcop*. The English word is easily derived by contracting this to *piscop*, which, through the well-known mutual convertibility of *p* and *b*, and of *sc* and *sh*, becomes *bishop*. Again, by reducing the Greek word to *episc*, or, according to French orthography, *epique*, and remembering that *p* and *v* are also exchangeable sounds, we have *evique*, and, by a slight variation, *evêque*, the old French spelling and pronunciation, which gradually softened into *évêque*, the circumflex accent being here, as in a multitude of other words in that language, a monument to the memory of the departed sibilant, as well as an index to the *grave* sound thereby produced.

We shall perhaps excite a smile of sceptical import, in proposing to unriddle the genealogy of the grotesque expression *better sheller*. It is evident that the movement indicated by this graphic adverb combines the two attributes of *fun* and *fastness*. Who shall deny, then, that it is a mere contraction of the Latin equivalent, *hilariter et celeriter*, "merrily and quickly?"

The verb *abandon* is a singular example of that generalisation of meaning which many words, originally restricted in their application, have gradually assumed. The French correlative *abandonner*, when thus analysed, *à ben donner*, clearly denotes "to give to *ben*," that is, to banishment or outlawry. The extension of this idea to the negation of social or private intercourse is strikingly natural.

Another beautiful instance of extended signification suggests itself in the word *alarm*—a feeling which in times of feudal contention would have almost daily exercise—the primitive bearing of the expression being evidently *à l'alarm*! "to the arming!" This announcement or *alarme* would, by an easy process, reach its present universality of reference to all dangers whatsoever.

Every one knows the poetic substitute of *Chanticleer* for the uncouth monosyllable which prose has assigned to the "shrill harbinger of morn," and it may be interesting to prove the accuracy of this epithet, by pointing out its origin in *chanter clair*, expressing the "clear song" of the valorous bird.

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-known legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its Oriental origin. Thus *check!* the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply *Scheik!* or "King!" though French gallantry has extended the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "échec à la Reine!" Again, the fearful consummation of *checkmate!* is but the Anglified variety of *Scheik mat!* "the King is dead!"

The variation of meaning which many words undergo in their transmission to another language, invariably implies some diversity of national character or usages. Why *assiette*, which is the French term for the plate one eats off, should, in its Scottish form of *asheet*, denote the dish or common receptacle, may afford grave matter of consideration for the culinary antiquary or the philosophic historian.

Puns have often given origin to words whose singular expressiveness has gained them universal acceptance. The humorist, who, after perhaps a momentary search for some epithet appropriate to a vehicle drawn by horses not abreast, but at length, did at length hit upon the Latin adverb *tandem*, deserves to be regarded as no mean successor to the great word-manufacturer Johnson. Nor is less eulogy due to him who, anxious to give intimation that his conveyance was accessible to all, judiciously adopted for its distinctive name the Latin dative *omnibus*.

Who would not exclaim "*strange!*" if an attempt were made to trace that adjective to the Latin adverb *extra*? Yet true it is that from *extra*, "without," comes *extraneous*, whence proceeds the French *étrange*, or, in the old orthography, *estrangle*, the manifest parent of its "*strange*" offspring.

Most persons must have occasionally heard the lamentations of a Scottish mother over the *stravaguing* propensities of some favourite, and consequently spilt, child, all unconscious as she was of the classical propriety of the epithet by which she characterised them. The Latin expression *extra vagare*, "to wander from home," dropping the infinitive symbol, subsides into the radical *estravag*, from which the further process is evident.

The word *crazy* has a truly poetic origin in the French *écaré*, implying that the mind of the poor sufferer is "shattered to pieces."

The votaries of whist, notwithstanding their predilection for *trumps*, may not generally be aware of the triumphant origin of those dignitary-cards. *La carte de triomphe*, "the card of triumph," abbreviated into *la triomphe* (though *trionphe*, in its general meaning, is masculine), will explain our meaning, and at the same time refute the supposed vulgarity of the popular pronunciation *trumps*.

The words *major* and *protest* are easily traced to the Latin originals *major* and *propositus*. The Spanish, who are admitted to have preserved more faithfully than any other country the pronunciation of Latin, always sound the Latin *j*, in the middle of a word, like *y*, and as their own language is written exactly as it is sounded, they read *mayor*, "greater." *Propositus*, "put over," dropping the male postfix, becomes *proposi*, then shortens to *proposit*, from which, by softening *p* to *v*, we have *protest*.

The vulgar expression, "It's all in my eye and Betty Martin," or, as it has been abbreviated, "It's all my eye," has been, perhaps with more humour than etymological accuracy, traced to an invocation of St Martin by Catholic mariners, of whom he was regarded as the especial patron: thus, "*Ah mihi, beate Martine!*" "Ah me! blessed Martin!"

We next venture on a derivation, which, though it may to the majority of our readers appear fanciful and overstrained, has at least some claim to an impartial hearing. We allude to the genealogy of the word *scorn*. In Italian, as is well known, the negational prefix *dis* is elegantly abbreviated to the mere letter *s*, as in *monture*, "to mount on horseback," *smontare*, "to dismount," &c. One of the latter family of verbs is *scornare*, which, literally rendered, is to "dishorn," applied to the mutilation or abstraction of an animal's horns. This is the radical or original import of the verb, but, from the universal expansive tendency of language, it also claims the metaphorical signification of "defaming, deriding, affronting" a rational being. Hence the partial adjective *scornato*, "dishorned, or hornless, affronted, insulted," and the noun *scorno*, "shame, affront, reproach." When we recollect the importance attached in the East (of which we see many traces in Scripture) to the horn worn as an ornament on the forehead, we can easily see how the idea of being dishorned may have come to be the same thing with being degraded.

Among the numerous mistakes made by our great lexicographer regarding the etymology of English

words, perhaps one of the most unpardonable is his derivation of the verb "to rabbit" (applied to the sloping down two pieces of wood diagonally, so as to overlap each other with a view to junction), from *rabattre*, which implies "to abate, take off, or lessen," whereas it evidently comes from the French term for "a plane," namely, *rabot*, and has its exact counterpart in the verb *raboter*, "to plane," though in this word the process of planing is not restricted to that particular application of it which is applied in rabbiting.

Who would ever dream of any connection between the words denoting the national beverage of Scotland, and the far-famed and dreaded Biscay? This, however, appears, to us at least, indisputable. The Biscayans of antiquity are still faithfully represented in their primitive language, and every other characteristic, by their descendants in an unconquered line, the present inhabitants of the Basque provinces. Now, as of old, they exhibit the same confusion, or rather identification, of the sounds of *b* and *v*, a phenomenon which is also observable in many other provinces of Spain. This singularity of articulation, combined with their ancient character as ardent votaries of Bacchus, led to the well-known pun of a Roman emperor: *Apud Biscayos vivere et vivere idem est*, "Among the Biscayans, to live and to drink is the same thing." The correct name for Biscay is *Vizcaya*, which, curtailed to its first syllable, becomes *Vise*, evidently identical with the Celtic *Uise*, implying "water," whence *Vizcaya* denotes "a maritime district." The connection between *Uise* and *Whisky* was explained in a former article in the present work.

One admirable advantage that arises from the adoption of a foreign word which has already its counterpart or synonyme in the language, is the opportunity presented of restricting the adopted word to some peculiar application of the general meaning it has in its native tongue, and thus giving greater definiteness and exactitude to our expressions. Thus *soirée* means in general "an evening party," but is, in its English use, confined to a peculiar class of such parties. *Bœuf, mouton, oeu, porc*, imply in French these animals, whether alive or in the form of meat, but in their Anglicised forms they have only the latter import. The introduction of these culinary terms is undoubtedly to be referred to the *hauteur* of the Norman noblesse introduced at the Conquest, who, leaving the Saxon boars at liberty to use their own language to denote the living animal, scorned to pollute their banquets by applying any language but French to the viands before them. The very word *hauteur* which we have just penned, supplies an elegant illustration of this restriction of meaning in imported words. The diversity of application in the exotic word from its indigenous synonyme, is amusingly seen in the inferior position which *overall* occupies, in comparison with the more exalted locality of the *surtout*, though identical in their literal meaning.

LONDON TAVERN-THEATRES.

THE distance of many parts of the outskirts of London from the centre, where the principal recognised places of amusement are situated, has given rise, within the last few years, to the establishment of theatricals in connection with many of these suburban taverns, where from time immemorial the neighbouring citizens have been accustomed to spend their evenings with pipe and tankard. As there is something quite peculiar and London-like in these establishments, a description of one of them, apart in a great measure from all consideration of their moral effects, may not be uninteresting. We select for this purpose one called the Eagle Tavern, situated in the City Road, one of the outlets from the city towards the east.

This establishment is open every evening throughout the greater part of the year. On approaching it by the City Road, the visitor is struck with the spectacle of a large new building, elegantly constructed, and having more the appearance of some grave public institution than of a tavern. This particular edifice, however, is not yet open for the purposes of the place, being only very recently erected. The buildings now in use are behind, and are reached by a passage resembling the pit lobby of a theatre. The visitor pays a shilling here, and receives a ticket, which he retains in his possession. On passing these money-takers, he naturally expects to be ushered into the inside of something like a theatre, but finds himself, to his surprise, once more in the open air, and on looking round beholds a square enclosed by buildings, and presenting many objects worthy of his attention. The central space of ground is tastefully laid out, while beautiful busts and statues stand all around. A porticoed walk leads the visitor round this place, and he sees, by the numerous lamps hanging above him, that the walls of the encircling range of buildings are in some places stuck thick with shells, many of them of the most expensive kind usually seen on mantelpieces. Grottoes and other ornamental objects deck the place in profusion. The words "Ladies' Cloak-Room," and similar inscriptions on various doors, denote that the

rooms in this square are devoted to the convenience of visitors. Another object here is sure to arrest attention. This is a large counter or bar, attended by handsomely dressed females, and provided with all the means of refreshment and comfort. Such are the main points that meet the eye in walking around this court.

At the corner opposite to that by which he entered, the visitor finds the entrance-door of the Grecian Saloon, or, in other words, of the real Tavern-Theatre. This is a spacious apartment, containing boxes, pit, orchestra, and stage, disposed as in ordinary theatres. Nothing can be more elegant than the style in which the whole is fitted up and decorated. The walls and wood are beautifully and variedly painted; the boxes are splendidly papered in the backs, the seats richly clothed, and large mirrors are hung up at the ends nearest the stage. The chandeliers, &c., are in the same expensive taste. The stage is small, and differs in no respect from the stages of common theatres. But in the arrangements of the pit, the peculiar characteristic of the place becomes strikingly visible. In front of each seat there is a narrow level table, supported by being fixed (as in church pews) to the back of the preceding one, and adapted for the reception of whatever liquors or refreshments the visitors may choose to solace themselves withal. And a most strange and novel sight it is, when the house is filled with spectators, to behold each man sitting at his ease, with his pot of foaming porter, or his glass of hot gin-and-water before him, coolly discussing at the same time his cigar, or inhaling the fumes of his foot-long pipe, and all the while observing with critical eye the performances on the stage in front, and rewarding them ever and anon with his *bravo* and *encore*, or condemning them, as it may be, with his *psha* and other tokens of disapproval and dislike. The expression of voice and countenance of a real lover of such exhibitions, jolly in person and well-to-do in general appearance, when he is seen in such an attitude and position, gives one an idea of superlatively luxurious ease, which it would be impossible to exceed. Some may be inclined to think that noise, confusion, and disturbances of every sort, must be apt to arise from the existence of such a degree of licence, and such a species too of licence; but this is a mistake, as regards the Eagle at least, and other houses at the top of this order of establishments. Judging from one or two visits, the people who frequent the Royal Coronation, &c. &c., City Road, are by no means of a disreputable class. The majority of visitors upon the whole are young, as might be expected, and seem to belong to the race employed in sale-shops and work-shops, but there are also many stayed-looking, middle-aged personages to be seen there, whose amplitude of girth and comfortable aspect at once distinguish them as having for no short time enjoyed all the advantages of being their own masters. In short, many decent shopkeepers do not disdain to please their eye at the Eagle, while at the same time they luxuriate over their hot tumbler, or their pot of stout, and their pipe. For this they only pay one sixpence more than a visit to any other tavern would have cost, as the check or ticket which is received by every visitor on entrance, entitles him, at any period of the evening's entertainments, to call for whatever refreshment he pleases to the value of one sixpence. Most people content themselves with imbibing this moderate and legitimate quantity of liquor, whether it be in the shape of wine, spirits, porter, or ale, but further payments will procure additional supplies. One of the most amusing things attending a visit to such a place as this, is to witness the variety of tastes displayed by the people. Attentive waiters are sliding or gliding about in all directions among the benches—most commonly during the intervals of performance—to receive the commands of the visitors, one of whom will call for a glass of gin "neat" (unmixed), another gin and cold water, another gin with cold water and sugar, and a fourth gin with hot water and ditto. So also with all the other species of liquors.

Such is the state of matters in the pit. We have as yet said nothing of the boxes, which form the usual resort of the female visitants to these entertainments. The same sum of money (one shilling) constitutes the admission to the boxes, or, as they are called, the *family stalls*, but no refreshment is here included. Indeed, refreshments do not seem to be taken (for the most part at least) in these stalls, though smoking goes on there as well as in the pit. It may be thought that this would be sufficient to exclude respectable ladies from the place, and indeed we do not say that females of the more respectable orders do go to these entertainments, but, at the same time, it would be casting an unfair reproach on all concerned, to say that no respectable women of the middle and humbler classes are ever visitants to the establishment. In reality, well-dressed family parties are to be seen in the stalls, and it is amazing, under all the circumstances, how little such persons find there to offend either eye or ear. The convivialities seldom occasion any interruption to the performances, ordering and chatting being generally managed in the intervals; and the building is so roomy, that the smoke from pipe and cigar passes off without any very disagreeable impressions upon the nasal organs, into the well-ventilated regions above.

The performances at the Eagle Tavern-Theatre consist chiefly of *concerts, little musical dramas, and dancing*. This description will appear sadly dull, curt, and imperfect, when compared with the following announcement in the nightly bills of the place, which we copy accurately, points of admiration included. This summary of sights alludes, as may be seen, to the

pleasure-grounds without, as well as to the exhibitions within. "To attempt a description of the numerous and varied sources of Entertainment given at this splendid place, within these limits, would be vain. The Royal Victoria Pavilion! Dancing! And Vaudeville! Set Painting! Cosmoramas! Fountains! Grottoes! Dripping-Rock! Elegant Buildings! Arcade! Colonnade! Grounds! Statuary! Singing! Music! And other Delightful Amusements! render it a Fairy Scene, a duo Estimation of which can only be formed by Inspection!" With respect to the in-door portions of this high-sounding roll of entertainments, the concerts, with which the evening amusements usually commence, are really well worthy of attention. The orchestra equals that of many of the minor theatres, and overtures from the best masters are executed in no despicable style. One or two such pieces from the band, and perhaps eighteen or twenty songs from various performers, male and female, make up the evening's concert. These singers, as might be expected, exhibit various degrees of ability. Some of them are persons who have been regularly trained to the stage, but whom misfortune, and error (it may be) in some cases, have caused to quit the regular theatrical boards. The want of a good figure alone often brings singers to the Eagle and similar places, whose abilities would otherwise have entitled them to the very highest rank in the profession. In addition to such persons, and others from the minor and provincial theatres, there are no doubt many whose talents lie chiefly in their own estimation,

"Young clerks, foredoomed their fathers' souls to crows,
Who bawl 'Tom Bowling' when they should engrave,"

and who find it more easy to make spectacles of themselves at such places as those under consideration, than at houses of higher note. What with one class and another, people get very good songs as well as very so-so ones at these concerts. The dancing is almost always good, and the musical dramas very respectably managed. Overtures and singing commonly conclude the exhibition as they began it.

Such is the style of the public amusements which the inventiveness of luxury has enabled the Londoner to enjoy, while sitting in some measure in private over his pipe and pot. The idea of such establishments could only have been conceived in a vast city like the British metropolis, where the caterers for the general entertainment incessantly rack their brains to discover new and varied modes of pleasing. If it be thought that in noticing this Eagle establishment, and in commending the beauty of the buildings, as well as the comparative decency of the whole exhibition, we have meant to express an approval of the principle of tavern-theatres, our object has been misunderstood. A tavern, under whatever guise it may present itself, does not seem to us to be a proper place for passing leisure time in, but we do not scruple to confess that we like a tavern all the better for mingling harmless spectacles with less approvable objects. It is at least a step in refinement to have a taste for pleasing some other sense than the mere gross appetite for drink. It must be remembered, however, that the preceding description only applies to the higher species of tavern-theatres, among which the Colosseum (the most respectable, perhaps, of all houses of the kind), White Conduit House, and others, may be ranked, as well as the Eagle. Tavern-theatres are to be found in London, of a description immeasurably inferior to those mentioned. Any person who steps into one of these out of curiosity, will find himself planted in one of a row of benches which fill up the body of a common room, nearly if not altogether devoid of any such appendages as boxes. In fact, the place resembles a common taproom, with this difference, that at one end of the apartment there is a small stage for the performances. The walls are dingy, and the atmosphere is thick with smoke, emitted unceasingly from the long pipes of tradesmen in their working-clothes, draymen with their frocks, and even dustmen with their hats shovelled behind. Porter and unqualified gin form the choice liquors. On the stage there appears a company of performers, by no means very scanty in numbers, but deplorably at a loss for fit attire when the parts of real gentlemen and ladies are to be enacted. The favourite exhibitions here, however, do not render this deficiency very observable. Jim Crow (done by the help of the best soot), Dusty Bob and Black Sall (duet in character), Does your Mother know you're Out? Such a Getting up Stairs! and other such songs, are the current delights of the inferior tavern-theatre. But it must not be supposed that the managers profess to present nothing but vulgarities like these. For persons of more refined taste than the before-mentioned orders, the bills of such houses of entertainment present most attractive food. One of these bills, now in our hands, seems in many points to be a most excellent though unintentional caricature of the operative bill-cant of the day. "Mr Albert Hooke (of the Nobility's Concerts) will preside at the Grand Panharmonion." [This instrument used surely to be named Panharmonicon!] Then on this Panharmonion, which supplies the place of an orchestra, we are to have the "Overture to Semeramide," and afterwards the "Overture to Artaxerxes." Then we have "Russian Cracovienne dances," "Grand new Musical Ballets of Action," and all such mysteries, in abundance—mysteries at least, certainly, to the gentlemen of the pot and pipe, for whose critical beholding they are especially intended. Clog hornpipes, also, it may be observed in conclusion, are performances of a vastly popular character.

Take them all in all, these tavern-theatres, whether

pernicious or otherwise in their tendency, are curious and interesting as instances of the inventive skill of modern luxury. The capital which the proprietors of some of these places have embarked upon them, is immense. But the return is derived in many ways besides the mere receipts of the evening entertainments described. The Eagle Tavern, for example, attracts many visitors by day, who desire to see the pleasure-grounds and decorations around, and, at certain seasons, fire-works, small balloons, and other pageantries, attract great crowds. At the Colosseum, also, there are daylight exhibitions, which are well attended. Mr Braham, the celebrated singer, is the manager, if not proprietor, of the Colosseum, and his name is sufficient testimony that tavern-theatres are not necessarily disreputable places.

GRIMALDI AND HIS WIFE—A CASE OF POISONING.

I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true, of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race. Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally in the habit of quarrelling. At length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect; and after communing together upon their most miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition. In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution, Mr Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open. The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice cried out, "Mrs Grimaldi, are you dead, my love?" Upon which Mrs Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom!" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour, it became Mrs Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and she, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak, "Mr Grimaldi, my dear, are you dead?" To which the gruff reply was, "No, Mrs Grimaldi." And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out, "Mr Grimaldi, my love, are you not dead?" "No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation, Mrs Grimaldi; get up out of bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance; the apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their *menage*, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.

The private journal of a traveller lately returned from North America to Paris contains the following story. In New Hampshire, on the northern borders of the United States, a peculiar species of bear is found, black in colour, small in size, and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and fruits, and never attack man or the lesser animals excepting when pressed by hunger in the very severe winters. On one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear-pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to a school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular play-fellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilisation, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as far off as possible, and hide behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables there contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it, he walked himself finally out by the way he came.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had con-

rage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbours. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as its track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it. Then it was, that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognised in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school-days. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.—*French newspaper*.

CLASSICAL EXAGGERATIONS.

Some of the scenes in the kingdom of Naples, of which Virgil, in his *Æneid*, makes so much, are thus described in the language of soberness and daylight by a late visitor:—The Lucrine Lake is now a paltry pool, scarcely equal to a mill-pond. Lake Averna has lost its woods, and is despoiled of the deep gloom and brooding vapours which made it a fit outwork of Virgil's hell. As a matter of course, I visited the cavern by which *Æneas* is supposed to have passed to the nether world. It is a straight tunnel, ten feet high, cut artificially in the tufa, passing through the narrow ridge two or three furlongs in length, and nearly level. About one hundred yards from the farther end, a very narrow gallery leads off to the right; it descends rapidly for two hundred feet, and conducts you to a pool of water. As this ought to be the river Styx, I looked for Charon, and kept my ears open to catch the growl of Cerberus, and the shrieks of unquiet ghosts. The surly boatman, however, seems to have retired *a ses terres*, and left the charge of the ferry to three or four of his sons, a race of sturdy unshaven bare-legged savages. The Styx, too, has shared the fate of many other subterranean rivers, having grown so shallow that the *Charonides* or *Fitzcharons* have laid aside the bark, and carry disembodied spirits across on their shoulders. They pressed me much to make the journey; but not being guarded by spells like *Æneas*, and having some doubts whether the *Fitzcharons* were a race "to ride the water on," I refused. One of our party, however, passed over, and returned in a quarter of an hour. After being immured for about half an hour, we returned to the upper world with our torches, and found it much less difficult *reoccare gradum* than Virgil would have us believe. They have an *Acheron* here too, a *Mare Mortuum*, and *Elysian Fields*; but it would require moonlight and a strong faith, to see any thing mystical or submundane about them. The Grotto of Posilippo, a magnificent tunnel two-thirds of a mile in length, sixty feet high, and broad enough to serve for a highway, is a much more interesting object. It was cut by the early inhabitants before the commencement of Roman history. Baia is a beautiful spot, but the ground capable of being built upon would not afford room for a dozen of handsome villas.—*Scotsman newspaper*.

INCITEMENTS TO GOOD CONDUCT.

Finding remonstrance of little effect, Francia (Dictator of Paraguay) erected a special gibbet. In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the dictator. "Sentinel!" said he, and in came the sentinel, when the following conversation ensued:—Dictator: "Take this bribonazo (a very favourite word of the dictator's, and which, being interpreted, means 'most impertinent scoundrel') take this bribonazo to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half a dozen times; and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and, instead of walking under the gallows, we shall try how you can swing upon it."—Shoemaker: "Please your excellency, I have done my best."—Dictator: "Well, bribon, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me, but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."—Shoemaker: "God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste sapatéro (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking."—Dictator: "Off with him, sentinel!"—Sentinel: "Venga, bribon; come along, you rascal."—Shoemaker: "Senor excelentissimo, this very night I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern."—Dictator: "Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet; it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."—Sentinel: "Vamonos, bribon; the supreme commands it." Off was the shoemaker marched; he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet, and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven or an ignoramus in a vocation so important as that of belt-maker to his excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the dictator's fancy, as to save the operator's neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of belt-maker-general to the army. The example was so salutary, that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The "tradesmen's gibbet" was the terror of them all, and a single peep at it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced.—*Robertson's Francia*.

DISEASE AMONG SHELL-FISH.

A writer in an American Journal of Science mentions a circumstance remarkable enough to be quoted. He says, "One of the most curious phenomena of the year 1836, has been the fatal effect of an epidemic disease among the molluscous animals or shell-fish of the Muskingum river, Ohio. It commenced in April, and continued until June, destroying millions of that quiet retiring race which peoples the beds of streams. As the animal

died, the valves of the shell opened, and, decomposition commencing, the muscular adhesions gave way, and the fleshy portion rose to the surface of the water, leaving the shell in the bed of the stream. As these dead bodies floated down the current, the heads of islands, masses of fixed drift-wood, and the shores, in many places were covered with them, tainting the air in the vicinity with putrid effluvia. The cause of the disease amongst the shelly race remains as much a mystery as that of the Asiatic cholera amongst the human family."

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNIPOTENCE OF LAW.

If you leave your home to take an airing, you may walk in security on the side-walk of the street, because you know that no rider will disturb you. Who or what prevents the people on horseback from making use of that part of the public road? The law; or, if they were to disregard it, certain officers—that is, men invested with authority likewise by the law, who have been charged to enforce this among other laws. This law then protects you. You proceed farther, and find these words on the signboard of a bridge, "Keep to the right, as the law directs," addressed to those who guide a vehicle. It is a law which commands something. You may pass an orchard with inviting fruits; the fence surrounding it might be easily scaled, and you feel an urgent impulse to slake your thirst with the juicy apples before you; yet you must not do it. Were you to follow the dictates of your desires, though most natural and perfectly innocent, the law would punish you; because it protects the orchard as the property of some one else. The law is made already, and thus it warns you. A decrepid and poor man is prevented by certain officers from asking those persons who show by their dress that they live in ease, to give him from their superfluity that which he is unable to obtain by his own exertions; he is taken to a house designated by the law as a home for those persons who cannot earn their living. You sail on the vast ocean, at a great distance from all society; a man-of-war, perhaps belonging to a different nation, thousands of miles from your own, bids you to lie to and show your colours. An officer comes on board your vessel, asking for your papers, and requesting you to go with him on board his own. If you refuse to comply with his request, you expose yourself to vexations, perhaps to danger. It is the law of your land, and that observed among nations, which obliges you to provide yourself with those papers, and to produce them under these circumstances. In a foreign port, a consul of your own nation advises, and, if need be, protects you. The law directs him to do so. You see an individual depriving another of his life, violently and considerately; yet nobody attacks the one who kills, or rescues the other doomed to die, because the law has decided that he should die in this manner: it is an execution. The law establishes schools, and obliges parents to send their children to them. The law assists a poor man to obtain his dues from a rich one; and again it protects the rich, so that the poor shall have no more than their due. A single individual says the harshest things of those in power, yet no one molests him, because the law has said that he may do so; and again, there are laws which all or nearly all dislike, or declare unprofitable, nay, even cruel, and yet they are obeyed unaided by physical force. The law has built highways, united rivers, severed mountains; it takes away property for the public benefit, and protects it; sends expeditions into remote regions; has founded libraries and collections of works of art; adorns and beautifies. The law takes care that the merchant measures with a true yard-stick, and tells him in what money he must pay his debts: it condemns unwholesome food, prohibits your having more than one wife, punishes public immorality, interferes if your occupation disturbs or annoys others, obliges you at times to take up arms, at others it prevents you from using them to avenge the most signal injustice, and at others, again, it permits you to use them. What then is this law, invisible, yet seen in its effects everywhere? * * * Which accompanies me wherever I may go, penetrates into all relations of men to men, to animals and things, and, what is most remarkable, is never intermitted or suspended, but continues to act, and every day creates new rules and regulations for man's conduct and his various relations; and with unceasing and inexhaustible energy seizes upon every new condition of men or things that may spring up?—*Lieber's Manual of Political Ethics*.

QUARRELS.

A contest, however long and inveterate, is at no period so likely to be brought to an amicable adjustment as when both parties are satisfied that they have maintained bravely their part of the quarrel, while each, at the same time, feels respect for the courage and force of their enemy.—*Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott*.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.

The following rules for practical life were given by Jefferson in a letter of advice to a friend in 1825:—

1. Never to put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak—if very angry, count a hundred.

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